

## Miscarriage

by macchime

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Summary: It's been a week since she left her room...will things go back to how they were? No. One-shot drabble, written for roleplay.

Triggers: Miscarriage.

## Miscarriage

\*\*Hey y'all, macchime (formerly macchi-chan) here.

>Yeah, it's been a while. Roleplay does that to you.<br>Anyway, here you go.\*\*

\*\*I own nothing.

><strong>

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Miscarriage<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>Hiccup sighed as he closed the door, turning to rest his forehead against the smooth wood, doing his best not to break down into tears.<p>

It had been almost a week since his little wife had emerged from their room.

For almost a week now, she had stared with glazed, empty eyes at the wooden cradle he had carved for their first baby.

For the baby that they would never have.

\* \* \*

><p>It had been a horrible day, beginning with morning sickness, just like it had for the previous months. As he had been preparing their

morning meal, Cami had been curled up in a bundle of blankets next to the fire.<p>

Hiccup hadn't seen anything, only heard her cries for help. He'd dropped the skillet the eggs were cooking in into the fire, directing all attention to his wife of four years. Her face had been twisted in pain, and she was grasping at her abdomen with clawed hands. He had picked her up, only to cry out along with her when he noticed the blood dripping from her dress. True, the garment had been very unlike Cami, but he'd convinced her not to wear trousers for the duration of her pregnancy.

She'd curled up into as small of a ball as possibly in his arms, wrapping her arms around his neck and crying from the excruciating pain she'd never experienced before. He'd walked her out into the cold, setting her down into the snow momentarily as he picked up the tub they used for washing up and began to prepare warm water.

Until the water was prepared, Hiccup had walked around the great room dozens of times, holding the small blonde close to him as she tried not to let him see how much pain she was in.

\* \* \*

><p>The lanky Viking knocked softly on the door minutes later before opening it slightly.<p>

Camicazi was curled up in the darkest, farthest corner of their room, knees drawn up to her chest and one hand slowly stroking the ornate, dragon-carved cradle. She gave no sign of recognition at his voice, only acknowledging the platter of simple food that her husband placed beside her with a small, dismissive wave.

\* \* \*

><p>It had been hours of making sure Camicazi stayed comfortable, of holding her hand, of smiling at her, of trying to reassure her that she would be fine, that the baby would be fine.<p>

Even though they both knew that it wouldn't be.

\* \* \*

><p>Green eyes finally beginning to well up with tears, Hiccup knelt down to his unresponsive spouse, gathering her in his arms. She moved without a fight, all of her spirit having left her. He cried into her shoulder, finally letting all of the stress and pain of the past week out. He didn't even notice when she slowly turned her head to look at him, resting her the back of her own head on his shoulder and closing her eyes.<p>

And there they stayed, for who knows how long.

\* \* \*

><p>Three more years had passed. Cami was finally back in her preferred shirt and pants, showing their eldest daughter the basics of holding a knife as Hiccup watching their son gurgle and coo happily while making dinner for the family of four.<p>

They had decided to keep the cradle, both for their own reasons. And even though Camicazi's eyes would glaze over with tears if she looked at it for too long, most of the pain would pass away whenever she saw her husband showing their daughter how to play with her baby brother properly.

As for Hiccup, well...he kept it as a reminder.

To love his family.

To not take the moment for granted.

To not take the future for granted.

To remind them of...the other member of their happy family.

End  
file.